

The Marquis of HUNTLY's Retreat from the Battle of Sheriff Moor

From Bogie Side to Bogie Gight,
the Gordons all conven'd Man,
With all thier Might to Battle weight,
Together clost they join'd, Man,
To set their King upon the Throne,
And to protect the Church, Man,
But sy for Shame! they soon ran Hame,
And left h^{er} in the Lurch Mar.
Vow as the Marquis ran, *Huntly*
Coming from Dumblain Man,
Strabogie did besbit it self,
And Enzie was not Clean Man,
Vow &c.

Their Chittain was a Man of Fame,
And doughty Deeds had wrought Man,
Which future Ages still shall name
And tell how well he fought Man:
For when the Battle did begin,
Immediately his Grace, Man,
Put Spurs to Florance, and lo ran
By all, and wan the Race, Man.

Vow as the Marquis ran &c.
The Marquis Horse was first sent forth,
Glenbuicker's Foot to back them,
To give a Proof what they were worth,
If Rebels durst attack them;
With loud Huzaas to Huntly's Praise,
They man'd Dumfermling Green Man,
But Fifty Horse and D--l an mair,
Turn'd many a Highland Clan, Man.

Vow as the Marquis ran, &c.
The second Chittain of that Clan,
For fear that he should die, Man,
To gain the Honour of his Name,
Rais'd first the Mutanie, Man.
And then he wrote unto his Grace:
The great Duke of Argyle, Man,
And swore if he would grant him Peace,
The Tories he'd beguile, Man.

Vow as the Marquis ran, &c.
The Master with the Bullie's Face,
And with the Cowards Heart, Man,
Who never fails to his Disgrace
To act a Traitor's Part, Man,
He join'd Dumboge the greatest Knave,
In all the Shire of Fife, Man,
He was the first the Cause did leave,
Counsell of his Wife, Man.

Vow as the Marquis ran, &c.
A Member of the Tricking Trade,
An Ogilvie by Name, Man,
Consulter of the Grumbling Club,
To his eternal Shame, Man.
Who would have thought when he came out
That ever he would fail, Man,
Like a Fool did eat the Cow
And worrie on the Tail, Man.

Vow as the Marquis ran, &c.
Messen Smith at Sheriff Moor,
Gart Folk believe he fought, Man,
But well it's known that all he did,
That Day it serv'd for nought, Man.
For towards Night when Mar march'd off
Smith was put in the Rere, Man,
He curs'd, he swore, he bauld out,
He would not stay for Fear, Man.

Vow as the Marquis ran, &c.
But at the first he seem'd to be
A Man of good Renown, Man,
But when the Grumbling Work began,
He prov'd an arrant Lown, Man,
Against Mar and a Royal War,

Better he did forge, Man,
Against his Prince he wrote Nonfen,
And swore by Royal GEORGE, Man,
Vow as the Marquis ran, &c.
At Poineth Boat, Mr. Francis
A valiant Hero stood, Man,
In acting of a Royal Part,
Cause of the Royal Blood, Man,
But when at Sheriff Moor he found,
That Bolting would not do it,
He Brother-like did quite his Grace,
and ne're came back unto it.

Vow as the Marquis ran, &c.
Bruntstane said it was not Fear,
That made him stay behind, Man,
But that he had resolv'd that Day,
To sleep in a whole Skin, Man.
The Gout he said made him take Bed,
When Battle first began, Man.
But when he heard his Marquis fled,
He took his Heels and ran, Man.

Vow as the Marquis ran, &c.
Sir James of Park he left his Horse,
In the Midle of a Wel, Man,
And durst not stay to take him out,
For fear a Knight should fall, Man:
And Maiken, he let such a Crack
And shewed a pantick Fear, Man:
And Craigenheads swore he was shot,
And curs'd the Chance of Wear, Man.

Vow as the Marquis ran, &c.
When they march'd on the Sheriff Moor,
With Courage stout and keen, Man,
Who would have thought the Gordons
That Day would quite the Green, Man.
Auchleacher, and Auchanachie,
And all the Gordon's Tribe, Man,
Like their great Marquis, they could not
The Smell of Powder bide, Man.

Vow as the Marquis ran, &c.
Glenbuicker cried, Plague on you a',
For Gordons do no Good, Man,
For all that fled this Day it is
Then of the Searons Blood, Man.
Clashtirim said, it was not so,
And that he'd make appear, Man;
For he, a Seaton, stood that Day,
When Gordons ran for Fear, Man.

Vow as the Marquis ran, &c.
The Gordons, they are kittle laws,
They'll fight with Heart and Hand, Man,
When they met in Strabogie Raws,
On Thursday After-noon, Man;
But when the Grants came down the Brae,
Then Enzie shook for for Fear, Man.
And all the Lairds rode up themselves,
With their Horse and Riding Gear, Man.

Vow as the Marquis ran, &c.
Cluny plays his Game at Chess,
As nice as any Thing, Man,
And like the Royal Gordons Race,
Gave Chick unto the King, Man:
Without a Queen it's clearly seen
This Game cannot recover.
I'll do my best then in great Haile,
Play up the Rook HANOVER, Rook

Vow as the Marquis ran,
Coming from Bumblain, Man,
Strabogie did besbit it self,
And Enzie was not clean, Man.
Vow, &c.

F I N I S.